Neue Liebeslieder.

NEW SONGS OF LOVE.

WALTZES

Translated into English by Mrs Natalia Macfarren.

WALZER

für vier Singstimmen

und

Pianoforte zu vier Händen

von

JOHANNES BRAHMS.

Op. 65.

Bearbeitung für Pianoforte zu vier Händen ohne Gesang M. 4,50.

Entd Stat. Hall.

Verlag und Eigenthum

von

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Wien, Schrottenbach & Co.

Neue Liebeslieder.

Verse aus „Polydora" von Daumer.

New songs of Love.

WALZER.

1.
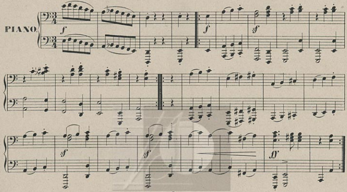
There's nought, oh heart, can save thee,
if on Love's sea thou put from shore;
'tis strewn with wrecks unnumber'd,
destruction fell on all they bore.

Secondo.

Lebhaft, doch nicht schnell.

(With animation, but not fast.)
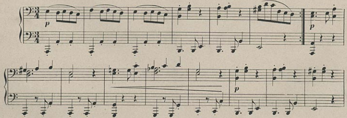
Johannes Brahms, Op. 65a.



2.

Shadowy gloom of the night,
tempest toss'd wave of the seas!
Who, 'mid comfort and light,
dwelling serenely at ease,
knows of your terror and wonder?

None but trav'ller forlorn,
who in the midnight storm
sailing the wat'ry waste,
far on his home doth ponder.



Stich und Druck der Röder'schen Officin in Leipzig.

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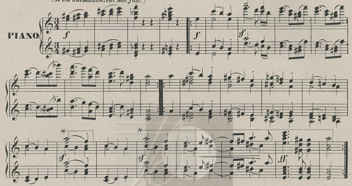
1.

Verzicht', o Herz, auf Rettung,
Dich wagend in der Liebe Meer!
Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen
Zertrümmert am Gestad' umher!

Primo.
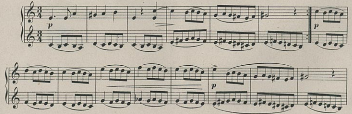
Lebhaft, doch nicht schnell.
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Johannes Brahms, Op. 65a.
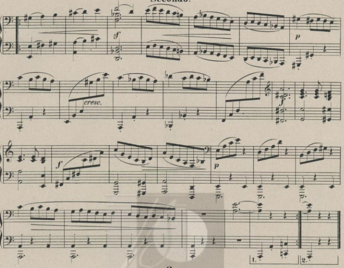


2.

Finstere Schatten der Nacht,
Wogen- und Wirbelgefahr!
Sind wohl, die da gelind
Rasten auf sicherem Lande,
Euch zu begreifen im Stande?
Das ist der nur allein,
Welcher auf wilder See
Stürmischer Oede treibt,
Meilen entfernt vom Strande.



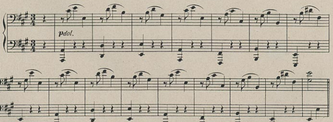
Secondo.

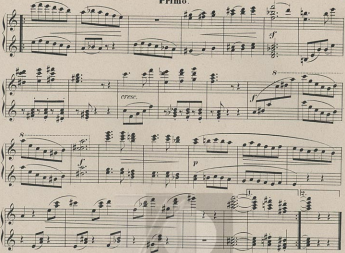


3.

Erewhile upon my fingers
full many a ring was flashing,
given me by my brother,
by dear affection mov'd.

Alas, I gave them one and all
to the fairest, but
perfidious youth I lov'd.

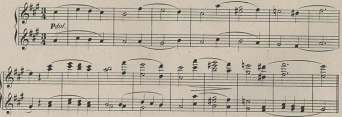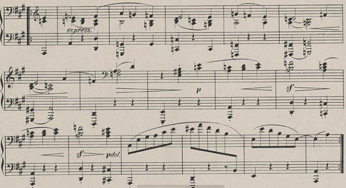




3.

An jeder Hand die Finger
Hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen,
Die mir geschenkt mein Bruder
In seinem Liebessinn.

Und einen nach dem andern
Gab ich dem schönen, aber
Unwürdigen Jüngling hin.

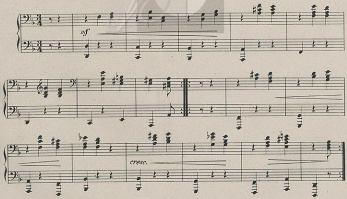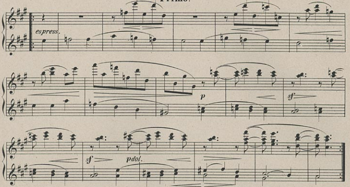


Secondo.



4.

Ye eyes of darkness, if ye but beckon,
great monarchs tremble, and lands are stricken. | *How wilt thou stand in danger's hour,*
my heart, against th'allconquering pow'r?

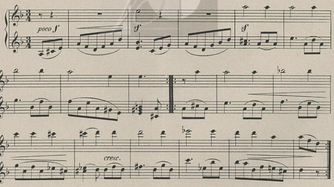




4.

Ihr schwarzen Augen, ihr dürft nur winken —
Paläste fallen und Städte sinken.

Wie sollte stehn in solchem Strauss
Mein Herz, von Karten das schwache Haus?

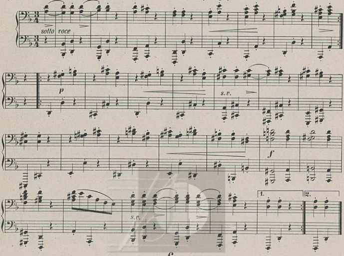


Secondo.

5.

Guard thy son, good neighbour mine,
guard him now from sorrow;
for I weave a potent spell
from each night till morrow.

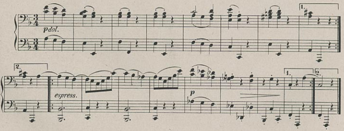
Ah, with smiles and burning looks
it is fashion'd (tears and sighs I name not.)
If he 'scape me, oh beware,
that thy cottage flame not!



6.

Roses red I wear, my mother,
though I'm pale as any wraith,
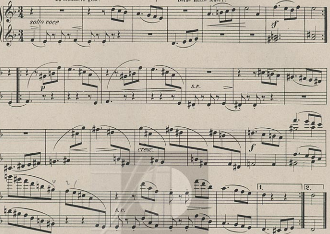
'Tis because the rose will shower,
like myself, its leaves in death.



5.

Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn,
Nachbarin, vor Wehe,
Weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug'
Zu bezaubern gehe.
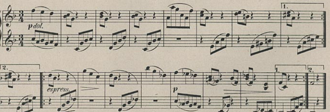
O wie brennt das Auge mir,
Das zu zünden fodert!
Flammet ihm die Seele nicht,
Deine Hütte lodert!



6.

Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter,
Weil ich gar so trübe bin.

Sie hat Recht, die Rose sinket,
So wie ich, entblättert hin.

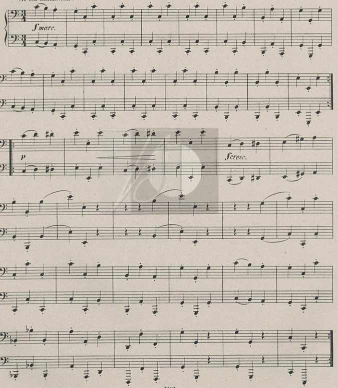


Secondo.

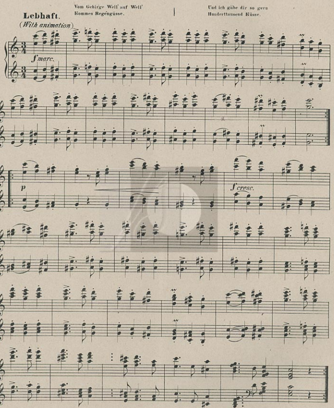
7.

From yon hills the torrent speeds,
and the rain ne'er ceases,
|
Would that I might gice to thee
hundred thousand kisses!

Lebhaft.
(With animation)



7.


Vom Gebirge Well' auf Well'
Kommen Regengüsse.
Und ich gäbe dir so gern
Hunderttausend Küsse.
Lebhaft.
(With animation)
f marc.
p
f cresc.

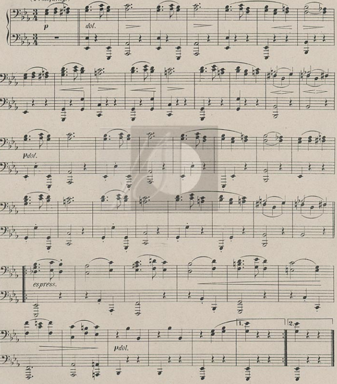
Secondo.

8.

Secret nook in shady spot,
'mongst the waving grasses;

Dreaming, by the world forgot,
fleet the bright hour passes.

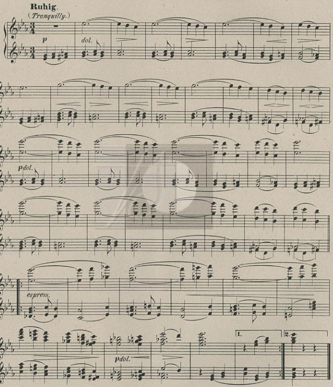
Ruhig.
(Tranquilly.)



8.

Weiche Gräser im Revier,
Schöne, stille Plätzchen!

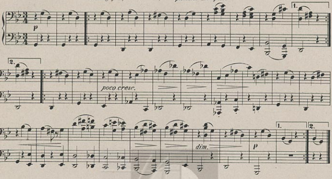
O wie linde ruht es hier
Sich mit einem Schätzchen!



Secondo.

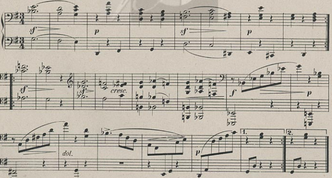
9.

Sharp poison'd arrow
rankles at my heart's core,
how can a maiden,
blossoming fair,
a lover disdain?
Ah me, how can she
live without love's sweet
pleasures and pain?



10.

To many a maid I whisper soft
the while my heart's in anguish;
'Tis that to thee my thoughts I waft,
oh Nonna! for thee I languish.

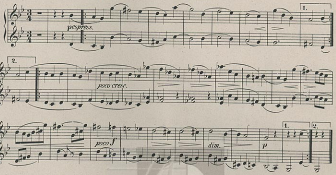


Primo.

9.

Nagen am Herzen
Fühl' ich ein Gift mir;
Kann sich ein Mädchen,
Ohne zu frönen

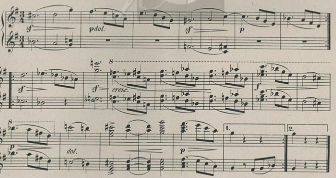
Zärtlichem Hang,
Fassen ein ganzes
Wonneberaubtes
Leben entlang ?



10.

Ich kose süss mit der und der
Und werde still und kranke;

Denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir,
O Nonna, mein Gedanke !

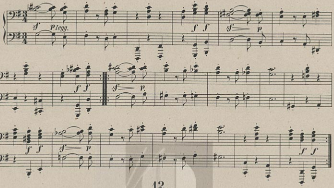


Secondo.

11.

I will hear no more of love,
thou wilt but deceive me;
never wilt thou cease to rove.
Go, thou flatt'rer, leave me!

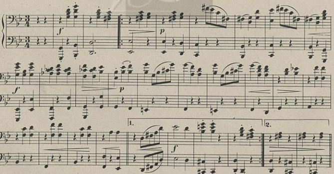
If thou needs must set a snare,
seek some prey unwary;
wounded bird will sure beware
and of trust be chary!



12.

Darksome wood, thy shadows are so gloomy!
Aching heart, so heavy is thy sorrow!

Is't for evermore that we are parted,
must I sigh forlorn, lone, wearyhearted?
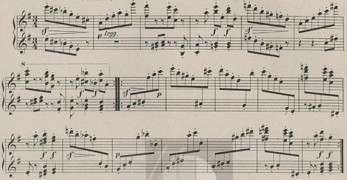


Primo.

11.

Alles, alles in den Wind
Sagst du mir, du Schmeichler!
Allesammt verloren sind
Deine Müh'n, du Heuchler!

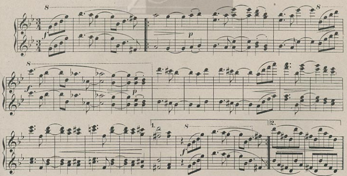
Einem andern Fang' zu lieb,
Stelle deine Falle!
Denn du bist ein loser Dieb,
Denn du buhlst um Alle!



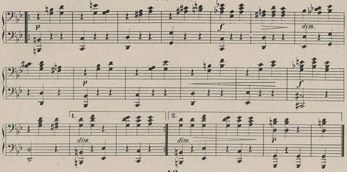
12.

Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster!
Armes Herz, dein Leiden ist so drückend!

Was dir einzig werth, es steht vor Augen.
Ewig untersagt ist Huldvereinung!



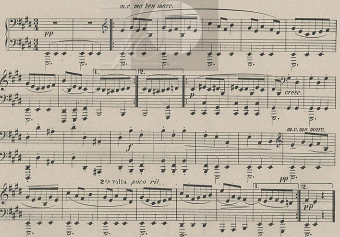
Secondo.
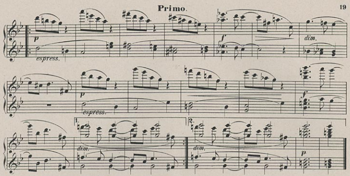


13.

Seat thyself, my dearest heart,
not so close to me;
do not gaze on me, and start,
pale and wistfully!

Though thy heart within thee burn,
ah forbear, and come not near!
Lest the world the secret learn,
how I hold thee dear, so dear!

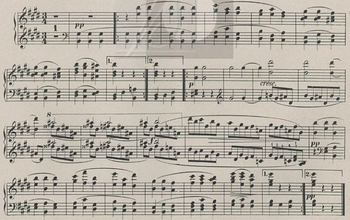




13.

Nein, Geliebter, setze dich
Mir so nahe nicht!
Starre nicht so brünstiglich
Mir in's Angesicht!

Wie es auch im Busen brennt,
Dämpfe deinen Trieb,
Dass es nicht die Welt erkennt,
Wie wir uns so lieb.



2da volta *poco rit.* - - - - - - - - - -

Secondo.

14.

1.

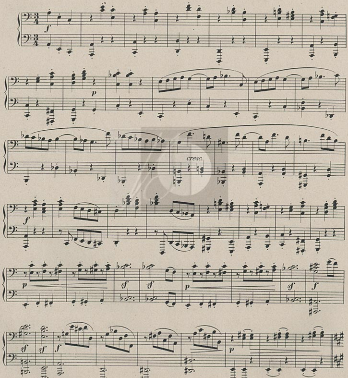
Eyes of lightning, raven hair,
gentle words, the soul caressing;
these have wrought to me despair,
from the youth my heart possessing!

2.

Can the sunbeams turn to snow?
Morning wear Night's dusky pinion?
Can a burning heart forego
Love's delights, or Love's dominion?

3.

Is the meadow gay with light
that the flow'rs in darkness perish?
And doth youth in love delight
that no heart it have to cherish?



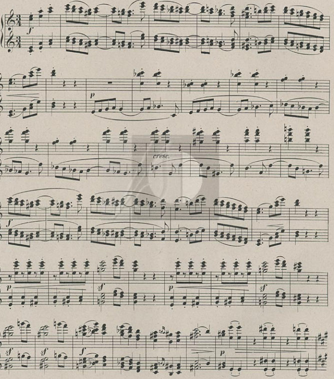
Primo.

14.

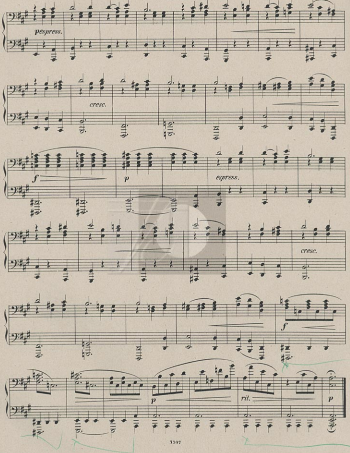
1.
Flammenauge, dunkles Haar,
Knabe wonnig und verwogen,
Kummer ist durch dich hinein
In mein armes Herz gezogen!

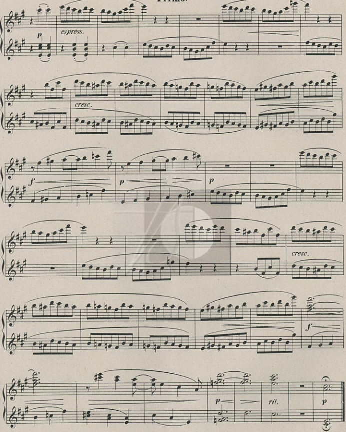
2.
Kann in Eis der Sonne Brand,
Sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren?
Kann die heisse Menschenbrust
Athmen ohne Gluthbegehren?

3.
Ist die Flur so voller Licht,
Dass die Blum' im Dunkel stehe,
Ist die Welt so voller Lust,
Dass das Herz in Qual vergehe?



Secondo.
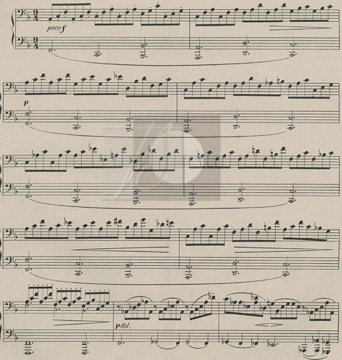



p
espress.
cresc.
f
p
p
cresc.
f
p
rit.
p

CONCLUSION.

(Goethe.)

Now, ye Muses, be hush'd! Ye've sought to tell, but how vainly!
of the sorrow and joy swaying a fond lover's heart;
Ye the heart's cruel wounds cannot heal, from Love's barbed arrow;
but his torments t'assuage, oh that ye only, ye kind ones, can do!

Ruhig.
Andante.

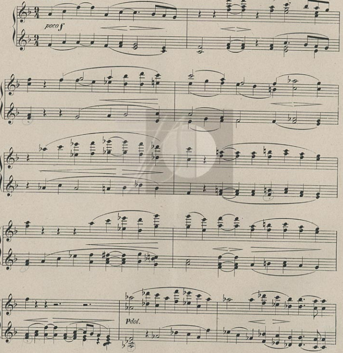


ZUM SCHLUSS.
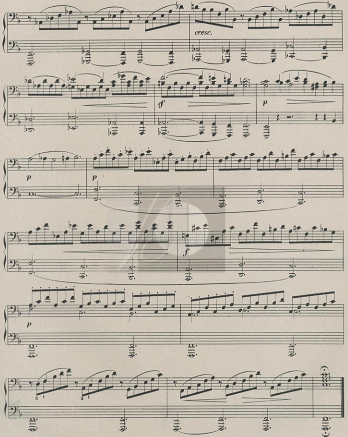
(Goethe.)

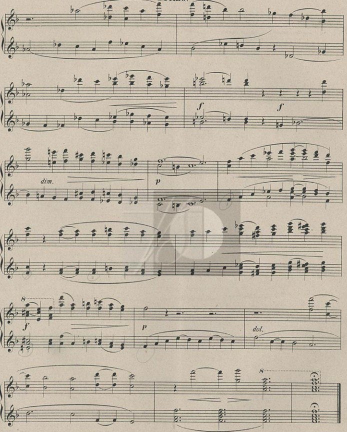
Nun, ihr Musen, genug! Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,
Wie sich Jammer und Glück wechseln in liebender Brust.
Heilen könnet die Wunden ihr nicht, die Amor geschlagen;
Aber Linderung kommt einzig, ihr Guten, von euch.

Ruhig.
Andante.



Secondo.




f
f
dim.
p
8
f
p
dol.
8